

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

*Ophel.* You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.

*Ophel.* Still better and worse.

*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking raven doth bel- low for revenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing, Considerate season, else no creature seeing, Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected, With *Hecats* bane thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy naturall magicke, and dire property, On wholsome life usurps immediately.

*Ham.* A poisons him i' th garden for his estate, his name's *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzagoes* wife.

*Ophel.* The King rises.

*Quee.* How fares my Lord?

*Pol.* Give ore the play.

*King.* Give me some light, away.

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham & Horatio.*

*Ham.* Why let the stricken Deere goe weep, The Hart ungalled play, For some must watch whilest some must sleep, Thus runs the world away. Would not this fir, and a forrest of fea- thers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with provincial *Roses* on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of plaiers?

*Hora.* Halfe a share.

*Ham.* A whole one I. For thou doest know O *Damon* deare This realme dismantled was Of *Jove* himselfe, and now raignes here A very very paiocke.

*Hora.* You might have rim'd.

*Ham.* O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hora.* Very well my Lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talke of the poisoning.

*Hora.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ham.* Ah ha, come some musicke, come the Recorder. For if the King likes not the Comedy, Why then belike he likes it not perdie. Come, some musicke.

*Enter Rosencraus and Guyldesterne.*

*Guyl.* Good my Lord vouchsafe me a word with y

*Ham.* Sir a whole Historie.

*Guyl.* The King sir.

*Ham.* I sir, what of him?

*Guyl.* Is in his retirement marvellous distempered

*Ham.* With drinke sir?

*Guyl.* No my Lord, with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should shew it selfe more r- nise this to the Doctor; for for mee to put him to hi- would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

*Guyl.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some And stare not so wildly upon my affaire.

*Ham.* I am tame sir, pronounce.

*Guyl.* The Queene your mother in most great afflic- rit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guyl.* Nay good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the- if it shall please you to make mee a wholsome answer your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon turne shall be the end of the businesse.

*Ham.* Sir I cannot.

*Ros.* What my Lord?

*Ha.* Make you a wholsome answer, my wit's diseas'd, answer as I can make you shall command, or rather as mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my mot-

*Ros.* Then thus she saies, your behaviour hath stroo- amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderfull sonne that can so astonish a mo- there no sequell at the heels of this mothers admiratio-

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother any further trade with us?

*Ros.* My Lord you once did love me.

*H*